

LAFFITTE of LOUISIANA

BY MARY DEVEREUX
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY DON C. WILSON
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CHAPTER XXIII.

The twelve months elapsing since the September afternoon that witnessed Rose de Cazenau's disillusion in regard to her trusted "Captain Jean" had been uneventful ones for her, until very recently, when she had met Lazalle under Gen. La Roche's hospitable roof, and, for the first time in her life, found a real friend.

The dark beauty with the indifferent manner of the Spanish girl possessed a strange and powerful attraction for the gentle natured Rose; and Lazalle, feeling the other's admiration and liking, had reciprocated in a way that brought to the surface her better and more womanly self.

The general had for a guest at this time the son of an old friend, Col. Thomas Stewart of Kentucky, who, sending young Harold to New Orleans upon a matter of business, had asked for him La Roche's hospitality.

La Roche and the two girls were breakfasting when Laffitte arrived. Brigid, who was superintending certain domestic matters in a front room of the house, was the first to see his approach.

Gen. La Roche, with the impetuosity of a much younger man, sprang from his chair and crossed the room to grasp Laffitte's hand, welcoming him in words which were but carelessly heard; for the newcomer glanced from Lazalle, who had followed her host's movements, to the childish figure still seated at the table—the lovely face, flushing and paling by turns, while the violet eyes, with a startled and yet not altogether displeased light showing in them, were raised to meet his own.

Not offering to touch her hand, he said, with a bow, "I hope, mademoiselle, that I find you quite well."

She answered in a low voice, her manner, with the color still going and coming in her cheeks, suggesting nothing more than usual shyness.



"And why should you, and every one, like him so much—such a wicked, dreadful man?"

Turning from her, and while Albert, the butler, showing as much pleasure as he thought it dignified to manifest, was, by his master's order, preparing another place at the table, Laffitte told Gen. La Roche of the sailors who were waiting outside with their burdens; and the general, preceded by Laffitte, started to leave the room as a cheery whistling, accompanied by the sound of footsteps upon the oaken stairs, announced that Harold Stewart was coming down to breakfast.

Laffitte was already in the hall, and La Roche, pausing a moment, turned back to say, in a carefully lowered tone, "Senorita Lazalle—Mademoiselle Rose, I must warn both of you to have a care how you mention the name of Laffitte in the hearing of young Stewart. Remember," he added, with unmistakable emphasis, "he must be 'Captain Jean,' and no one else, so long as he is here with us."

Lazalle nodded, with a smile of appreciation, but Mademoiselle de Cazenau looked with troubled eyes at the general as he hurried out.

She was greatly puzzled, as indeed she had been more than once during the past year, to understand how it was that people for whom she could have nothing but respect should seem to find no objection to fraternizing with the dreadful Laffitte, and she was beginning to wonder how much of untruth there might be in the terrible stories she had heard concerning him.

It was all a perplexing puzzle, and the girl sighed as she stirred her chocolate.

Lazalle, hearing the sigh, laughed as her white teeth bit into her toast.

"Why do you sigh so woefully, my little Rose, and look so tragic? These gentlemen have their secrets to preserve, especially just now, when one cannot be sure that his neighbor will not betray him for a chance to curry favor with the governor, or he is not scheming for opening the way to the English."

Rose's reply, whatever it might have been, was checked by the entrance of Gen. La Roche and Laffitte, and young Stewart stared surprisedly at the tall, straight form following his host.

"Mr. Stewart," said the general, "I

wish to present you to my friend, Captain Jean, who has come to see me upon a matter of business. Mr. Stewart—now speaking to Laffitte, as the young man rose and took the former's extended hand—"Is the son of an old friend, whom I think you have met in past years. He was then Ensign Tommy Stewart, but now he is, if you please, Col. Thomas Stewart of Kentucky, a member of General Jackson's staff."

"I remember having met him in New Orleans, some years ago; and I am pleased to make the acquaintance of his son."

As the breakfast proceeded, accompanied by a general and inconsequent chatter, Laffitte's keen eyes took note of the way in which the young man looked at Mademoiselle de Cazenau; and it seemed to him that not only was she conscious of Stewart's attention, but that it embarrassed her.

A fury, sudden and savage, possessed him at the thought of this handsome young stranger daring to covet what was to him, who had known her so long, the most precious thing in all his world.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Harold Stewart. "By Jove, Senorita Lazalle, what a fascinating fellow this Captain Jean is!"

The two were sitting in a shaded summer house, Mademoiselle de Cazenau having disappeared immediately after breakfast, making—as Brigid told Lazalle—the excuse of wishing to see her grandfather at Kanaubana.

"Have you known him long?" he inquired.

"Yes, for several years," she answered carelessly, adding, as though feeling little interest in Capt. Jean, "I wonder why Rose slipped away alone. She always likes to have me go with her."

If Lazalle could have seen her little friend her wonder would have been increased.

Mademoiselle de Cazenau, her manner softening somewhat at Zeney's evident sincerity. "And why should you, and every one, like him so much—such a wicked, dreadful man?"

The adjectives were indisputably harsh—more so than the manner in which they were uttered, and the violet eyes held a suggestion that the speaker would not object to knowing that her application of them was misplaced.

"Wicked—dreadful!" echoed Zeney, shaking her head violently. "No, no, never is Captain Jean either of these."

"But Mamman Zillah once told me," said Mademoiselle de Cazenau, with the air of one seeking to remove unpleasant doubts from the mind. "That years ago when she belonged to a man up at Contraband Bayou, she saw Capt. Laffitte and two other men go into the woods with a horse. They had shovels and picks, and she followed them to see what they would do. She saw them digging a hole like a grave; but it was a big chest they dug up. And there was gold in the chest, for she saw it when the men began filling some bags. Then she was so frightened for fear they would see her that she ran home to her cabin. And—here Mademoiselle de Cazenau's eyes opened wide to their full width and her voice took a minor note, while her manner became imbued with horrible suggestiveness—"a few hours later she saw the horse come out of the woods, with the bags across its back; but only Capt. Jean came out of the woods with the horse."

Zeney laughed derisively, and again shook her head.

"That story came on horseback, Missy, along with the others you have heard, and Zillah ought to be well whipped for telling such a wicked lie. If she ever saw such a thing, then the two men had gone off in some other way to look after their own business, which was what Zillah ought to have been doing."

But Mademoiselle de Cazenau was, although apparently against her own will, still unconvinced, for she added impressively, "Zillah said that they afterward found the two men dead in the woods. And I have heard other stories, too—of how he has made men jump into the sea when he burned or scuttled their ships, and took all they had on board."

"Capt. Jean steal! Capt. Jean murder!" cried Zeney, her eyes flashing with indignation. "Such things he never did, and all such stories are lies—black lies. How can you believe them, or think of them, my honey, when you once thought him so good and noble?"

The question was unanswered, and Zeney, after a moment's pause, added, "If there is any truth in such talk, it was wicked Capt. Laro who did these things; but Capt. Jean—never."

"Laro—Capt. Laro!" said her young mistress, with a puzzled little frown, and raising a hand to push back the clustering hair from her now cooled cheeks. "Ah, yes; it comes to me. I have heard my mother speak of him; it was he who brought her from France."

"It was he, too, who brought Capt. Jean here to Louisiana."

"He did?" the girl asked in surprise. "And did you know him then—when he was a boy?"

The negress nodded. "He seemed a comrade then, young as he was, of the captain's—a comrade in business. He was a wicked—very wicked man—a 'scallard,' this Capt. Laro; and it was surely he, and not Capt. Jean, who did the wicked deeds you have heard about, my honey."

"And where now is Capt. Laro—do you know, Zeney?"

"Dead and gone, Missy—so I've been told. And if so, then he is down with the devil, I reckon," answered the old woman grimly, rising to her feet as Lazalle's voice was heard from the hall below, calling, "Rose, my little Rose, where are you?"

(To be continued.)

SUPPLIES DURING A SIEGE.

Primitive Incubators Used When Gibraltar Was Besieged.

Some months after the siege of Gibraltar began Admiral Rodney reached the rock with twenty-one ships of the line and brought in vast quantities of supplies. In April, 1781, Admiral Darby, with the British grand fleet, also anchored at Gibraltar and brought in supplies. On one occasion a vessel from Naples was driven to the rock with 6,000 bushels of barley, which the garrison found of unspeakable value. Then, too, while the bombardment destroyed most of the houses, the English found it possible to raise large amounts of vegetables and garden supplies.

They even raised chickens, following out an original method of incubation, the forerunner of the process in vogue to-day. Eggs were put in tin cans and kept heated by water until they hatched. In order to get the brood cared for it was necessary to take a capon, pull out the breast feathers, scratch the fowl's breast with nettles until it bled and then settle him upon the downy chicks. The relief given the smothering wounds by the soft down of the brood was so great that adoption speedily followed. —Chicago Chronicle.

Wheels Used as Alarm Bells.

Locomotive drive wheels can still make a racket, even after having been worn out for traveling purposes. The railroad gave them to small towns as fire alarm bells. They are framed and hung up for that purpose—being capable of alarming a wide territory when properly pounded. Most of the smaller towns in New Jersey have them.

JOHN HENRY

ON BRIDGE WHIST.

By HUGH McHUGH

[GEORGE V. HOBART]



"In One of Those Department Store Mobs."

I received a letter the other day that put me over the ropes. I'll paste it up here just to show you that it's on the level:

"Philadelphia, This Week.

"Dear John: I have never met you personally, but I've heard my brother, Teddy, speak of you so often that you really seem to be one of the family.

(Teddy talks slang something fierce.)

"Dear John, will you please pardon the liberty I take in grabbing a two-cent stamp and jumping so unceremoniously at one who is, after all, a perfect stranger?"

"Dear John, if you look around you can see on every hand that the glad season of the year is here, and if you listen attentively you may hear the hoarse cry of the summer resort beckoning us to that bourn from which no traveler returns without getting his pocketbook dislocated.

"Dear John, could you please tell me how to play bridge whist, so that when I go to the seashore I will be armed for defraying expenses.

"Dear John, I am sure that if I could play bridge whist loud enough to win four dollars every once in awhile I could spend a large bunch of the summer at the seashore.

"Dear John, would you tell a loving but perfect stranger how to play the game without having to wear a mask?"

"Dear John, I played a couple of games recently with a wide-faced young man who grew very playful and threw the parlor furniture at me because I trumped his ace. I fancy I must have did wrong. The fifth time I trumped his ace the young man arose, put on his gum shoes, and skeddaddled out of the house. Is it not considered a breach of etiquette to put on gum shoes in the presence of a lady?"

"If you please, dear John, tell me how to play bridge whist.

"Yours fondly,

"GLADYS JONES.

"P. S.—The furniture which he threw was not his property to dispose of."

"G. J."

When my wife got a flash of this letter she made a kick to the effect that it was some kind of a cypher, possibly the beginning of a secret correspondence.

It was up to me to hand Gladys the frosty get-back, so this is what I said: "Respected Madam: I'm a slob on that bridge whist thing, plain poker being the only game with cards that ever coaxes my dough from the stocking, but I'll do the advice gag if it chokes me."

"Bridge whist is played with cards, just like pinocle, with the exception of the beer."

"Not enough cards is a misdeal; too many cards is a mistake; and cards up the sleeve is a slap on the front piazza if they catch you at it."

"You shouldn't get up and dance the inaknetine dance every time you take a trick. It looks more genteel and picturesque to do the two-step."

"When your opponent has not followed suit it is not wise to pick out a loud tone of voice and tell him about it. Reach under the table and kick him on the shins. If it hurts him he is a

shows a want of refinement, especially if you are not a quick climber.

"Never whistle while waiting for some one to play. Whistling is not in good taste. Go over and bite out a couple of tunes on the piano."

"When your opponent trumps an ace don't ever hit him carelessly across the forehead with the bric-a-brac. Always remember when you are in society that bric-a-brac is expensive."

"Don't lead the ten of clubs by mistake for the ace of trumps and then get mad and jump 17 feet in the air because they refuse to let you pull it back."

"In order to jump 17 feet in the air you would have to go through the room upstairs, and how do you know whose room it is?"

"There, Gladys, if you follow these rules I think you can play the game of bridge whist without putting a bruise on the Monroe doctrine."

"P. S.—When you play for money always bite the coin to see if it means as much as it looks."

The next day, in order to square myself with my wife for getting a letter I hadn't any use for, I went to one of those New York department stores to get her a birthday present.

Say! did you ever get tangled up in one of those department store mobs and have a crowd of perfect ladies use you for a door mat?

I got mine!

They certainly taught me the Rojestyensky glide, all right!

At the door of the department store a nice young man with a pink necktie and a quick forehead bowed to me.

"What do you wish?" he asked.

"Well," I said, "I'm down here to get a birthday present for my wife. I would like something which would afford her great pleasure when I give it to her and which I could use afterwards as a pen-wiper or a fishing-rod."

"Second floor; to the right; take the elevator," said the man.

Did you ever try to take an elevator in a department store and find that 2,943 other American citizens and citizenettes were also trying to take the same elevator?

How sweet it is to mingle in the arms of utter strangers and to feel the gentle pressure of a foot we never hope to meet again!

I was standing by one of the counters on the second floor when a shrill voice crept up over a few bales of dry goods and said: "Are you a buyer or a handler?"

"I am looking for a birthday present for my wife," I answered. "I want to get something that will look swell on the parlor table and may be used later on as a tobacco jar or a trouser stretcher."

"Fourth floor; to the left; take the elevator!" said the lady's voice.

With bowed head I walked away.

I began to feel sorry for my wife.

Nobody seemed to be very much interested whether she got a birthday present or not.

On the fourth floor I stopped at a counter where a lot of eager dames were pawing over some chinchilla ribbon and chiffon overskirts.

It reminded me of the way our dog digs up the vegetables in the garden.

I enjoyed the excitement of the game for about ten minutes and then I said to the clerk behind the counter who was refereeing the match: "Can you tell me where I can buy a sterling silver birthday present for my wife which I could use afterwards as a night key or a bath sponge?"

"Fifth floor; to the rear; take the elevator!" said the clerk.

On the fifth floor I went over to a table where a young lady was selling "The Life and Libraries of Andrew Carnegie" at four dollars a month and 50 cents a week, and in three years it is yours if you don't lose the receipts.

She gave me a glad smile and I felt a thrill of encouragement.

"Excuse me," I said, "but I am looking for a birthday present for my wife which will make all the neighbors jealous, and which I can use afterwards as an ash-receiver or a pocket flask."

The young lady cut out the giggles and pointed to the northwest.

I went over there.

To my surprise I found another counter.

A pale young woman was behind it.

I was just about to ask her the fatal question when a young man wearing a ragtime expression on his face rushed up and said to the young lady behind the counter: "I am looking for a suitable present for a young lady friend of mine with golden brown hair. Could you please suggest something?"

The saleslady showed her teeth and answered him in a low, rumbling voice, and the man went away.

Then came an old lady who said: "I bought some organdie dress goods for a shirt-waist last Tuesday and I would like to exchange them for a music box for my daughter's little boy, Freddie, if you please!"

The saleslady again showed her teeth and the old lady ducked for cover.

After about 50 people had rushed up to the saleslady and then rushed away again, I went over and spoke to her.

"I am looking," I said, "for a birthday present for my wife. I want to get something that will give her a great amount of pleasure and which I can use later on as a pipe cleaner or a pair of suspenders."

The saleslady faintly, so I moved over. At another counter another young lady said to me: "Have you been waited on?"

"No," I replied; "I have been stepped on, sat on and walked on, but I have not yet been waited on."

"What do you wish?" inquired the young woman.

"I am looking for a birthday present for my wife," I said. "I want to buy her something that will bring great joy to her heart and which I might use afterwards as a pair of slippers or a shaving mug."

The young lady caught me with her dreamy eyes and held me up against the wall.

"You," she screamed; "you complete a total of 23,493 people who have been in this department store to-day without knowing what they are doing here, and I refuse to be a human encyclopaedia for the sake of eight dollars a week. On your way for yours!"

I began to apologize, but she reached down under the counter and pulled out a club.

"This," she said, with a wild look in her side lamps; "this is the happy summer season, but, nevertheless, the next



"A Pink Necktie and a Quick Forehead."

guy that leaves his brains at home and tries to make me tell him what is a good birthday present for his wife will get a bitter swipe across the forehead!"

It was up to me, so I went home without a present.

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JEFFERSON AS YOUNG MAN

Third President of the United States Was an Athlete, But Was Gentle.

Thomas Jefferson, when he left college was one of the best Latin, Greek and French scholars in his native state of Virginia. At his majority he came into an income of \$2,000 a year, which in those days, 1757, was as good as \$5,000 a year in these. Jefferson was six feet two in his stockings (they didn't wear socks in those days), and an all-round athlete, a dandy dancer and an expert violinist.

As Washington's secretary of state he advocated state sovereignty and decentralization. Alexander Hamilton, Washington's secretary of the treasury, was just as stiff for centralization. Washington took the middle course between the two great rivals.

Jefferson, as president, eschewed all pomp and ceremony. On his two inauguration days, instead of driving to the capitol in a coach and six as had been the practice, he rode there on horseback, without a guard or even a servant in his train, dismounted without assistance, and hitched the bridle of his horse to a fence. He could be gentle as a lambkin and as hard as nails.

Kitchen Jiu-Jitsu.

It is said that Japanese wrestling is being taught in the London night schools. Punch gives color to the rumor.

There had been so much noise that the mistress of the house went below stairs to see what had happened.

"May I ask," she said from the kitchen door, "the meaning of this disgraceful behavior?"

A new Buttons, a very small boy, spoke up:

"The butler and me, mum, 'ad a little difference of opinion, mum. So I give 'im a little joo-jitsu, mum."

The mistress of the house, in open defiance to a gesture from Buttons, looked under the dresser, where the tall butler lay in a state of astonished collapse.

Advice for Change.

A young lawyer received a call from a farmer in need of legal advice. The lawyer looked up the statute, and told the farmer what he should do.

"How much?" said the farmer. "Well, let's call it three dollars," said the lawyer. The farmer handed over a five-dollar bill. The lawyer seemed embarrassed. After searching his pockets and the drawers of his desk, he rose to the occasion and pocketed the bill as he reached for a digest.

"I guess, neighbor," he remarked, as he resumed his seat, "I shall have to give you two dollars worth more of advice."